

W. H. MILLIER, continuing his historical stories of "The Golden Age of Boxing," tells how Tommy Burns, insisting on the most unheard-of terms to meet Jack Johnson, inspired an unknown promoter without capital to stage the fight, and clean up a fortune in the face of untold difficulties.

SYDNEY SWAN SONG: BURNS BADLY BATTERED BY TAUNTING NEGRO

THE name of Jack Johnson began to be coupled with Tommy Burns long before the French-Canadian came to England. Sporting writers of the English-speaking world had written reams in trying to prove that Burns could not truthfully describe himself as undisputed champion so long as he continued to sidetrack the negro.

To all this Burns would reply with some derisive comment that only served to add to his own popularity whilst gaining hosts of supporters for Johnson.

Promoters made tempting offers for the match, but even the most hard-bitten of these turned pale when Burns announced to the world that he was quite willing to meet Johnson, at a price. He would accept £6,000, win, lose or draw, and not a penny less.

Burns was a shrewd man. He knew well enough, perhaps better than anybody else, that the day he met Johnson would be the day he ceased to be champion. What better method could there be to stave off this evil day than to ask a price that nobody in his sober senses could pay?

To get the thing in its right perspective it is necessary to back-pedal for a spell. In these days £6,000 sounds like a few rounds of drinks in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, yet in 1908 it represented an unheard-of sum of money for even a world's champion to demand, whether he won, lost, or divided the honours.

Winner take all

It set a bad precedent in its way, because hitherto, whenever large stakes were fought for, they really were "stakes" in the true meaning of the word, inasmuch as they were provided by the backers of both men, and the great incentive to win, not only for the honour, but because the winner took the lot.

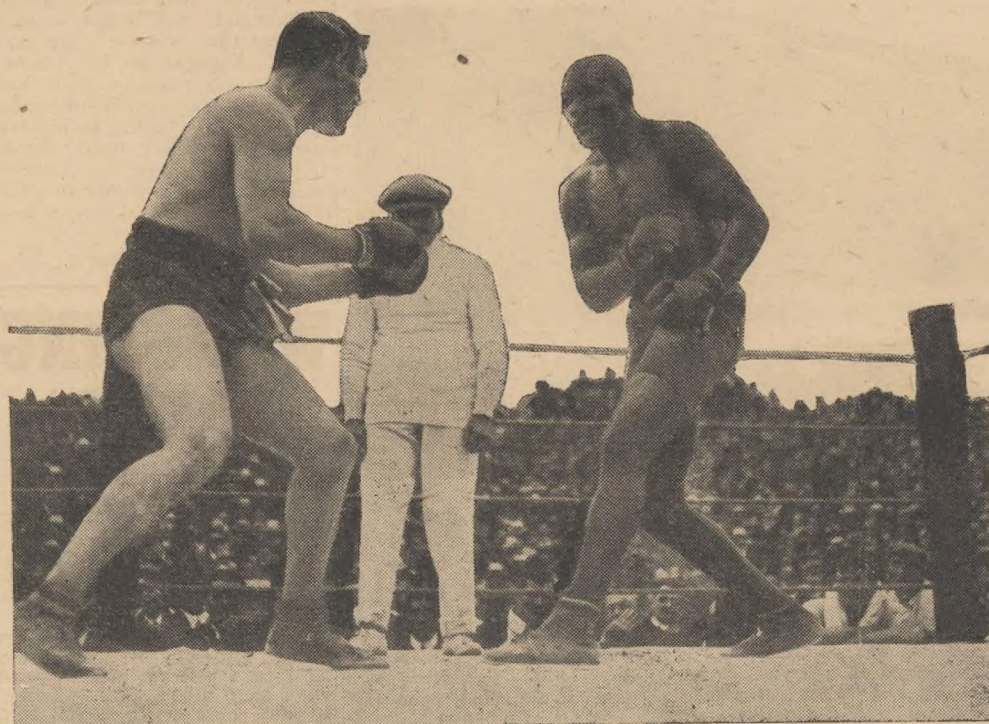
That fashion of a fixed sum, "win, lose or draw," has been the bugbear of the ring since it was so largely publicised by Burns.

He put this price upon himself, not so much as being the capital sum at which he valued the world's title, but just that it occurred to him as being so prohibitive that he was safe from closer attention by Johnson. In this he reckoned without Hugh D. McIntosh.

In 1908 people asked each other, "Who is this madman?" Nobody had heard of Hugh D. McIntosh, when the sporting world was staggered by the reported offer of a Sydney sportsman to agree to all that Burns demanded.

"He'll soon find himself in the bankruptcy court," was the universal verdict, but the "universe" didn't know McIntosh then.

The "D" in his signature-tune represented nearly all the "D's" in the dictionary—determined, dogmatic, dour.



Boxing Day in Sydney, 1908, when, at Rushcutters Bay, Jack Johnson battered Tommy Burns almost beyond recognition.

dogged; his defiant dial, with its square jaw like a piece of granite hewn from Aberdeen rock might have been carved by Epstein as his idea of the British bulldog (Colonial version), and when he spoke it was with the bark of a six-inch gun. Hugh D. Mac. was a tough nut, believe me.

As the keeper of a coffee stall in Sydney, he had rubbed shoulders with some of the toughest guys in the world, and he knew all about the fight game. He counted his wealth in shillings at this time, but he was rich in ideas, and he had guts.

When he startled the sporting world by his offer to promote the Burns-Johnson tea party he probably had enough money to pay for the printing of the programmes and that was about all. Still, he had the big idea.

He chased around Sydney roping in all the sportsmen he knew who could lay their hands on some ready money without having to stretch too far.

The Go-getter

If any of them hesitated and suggested hazards, McIntosh just swamped him with his six-inch armament, and in next to no time he had guarantees for all the money required.

For sheer nerve this episode must rank for all time as a classic example of selling a gold brick; but McIntosh knew that it was 22 carat right through to the middle.

When the articles were signed there wasn't an arena big enough for the profitable stag-

ing of the fight. As the difficulties arose, McIntosh's financial backers began to drop out.

He had to secure a huge lump of waste ground for the site, acquire the timber for building the stands, and tackle scores of other problems. Fearing they had let themselves in for more pocket-diving, the remainder of his backers retired and left it all to Mac. He went on, and in the end cleared a tidy fortune.

Several times in his career he was reputed to be a millionaire, and many times more he was down to his last trouser button. To give you an idea of some of his activities, I must mention that he was the man who first showed London how to run boxing on a really big scale.

He let the man in the street see what a wonderful fighter Sam Langford was, and he promoted the contest in London between Bombardier Wells and Colin Bell, among others. True, it cost him some good money in educating the London public, but, as always, he paid his debts at twenty shillings in the pound.

At one time he owned the biggest circuit of Australian theatres and music-halls, at another several prominent newspapers; and he tried to outdo Hollywood in the film business.

Owned Broome Hall

At the end of the first session of the thirty-year war he was in the big money once more. He bought Broome Hall,

the home Lord Kitchener acquired for himself in Kent.

As host to many of the world's notabilities whilst living in Kent, Hugh D. was very much the same McIntosh that we knew when his bank balance was over-draught; and he never lost his head.

I mentioned his second initial and the D's. Here are one or two it didn't contain: delicacy or discretion. One morning at Broome Hall he was visited by a neighbourly nobleman who was worried about the prevailing problem of domestic assistance.

Mac's visitor pointed to his shoes and explained that his man hadn't cleaned them. "What would you do?" he asked. "Knock his blank block off," replied McIntosh.

That was more than twenty years ago, and in between Hugh D. had many ups and downs when he returned to his native Australia. But he came to London again a few years ago and has now had his last battle. He left his memorial behind him in the many milk bars that provide refreshment for all and sundry.

Milk bars, too

It was at a meeting which McIntosh arranged for the purpose of floating his milk bar company that I last had the pleasure of talking over some of the old scenes with this tough old battler. But the unbeatable champion gets us all in time. I mean the white-whiskered old boy with the scythe and sandglass.

Before McIntosh had taken

SCHOONER VERSUS BOX OF MATCHES

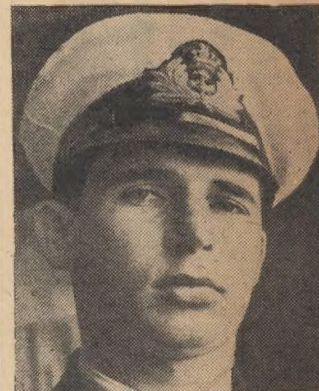
FIVE Axis supply ships crossed the track of the British submarine *Unbending* in the Mediterranean, and found her—unbending.

She sank the lot—on different dates—and it was her first patrol, too. The case of the matchbox is a classic.

Sailing from Malta under Lieutenant E. J. Stanley, D.S.O., the *Unbending's* destination was the Gulf of Hammamet, where Axis boats were running to North Africa. She had hardly reached the patrol area when a schooner was sighted about eight miles from the coast.

Said Lieutenant M. J. Luxmore Duff (who lives at Seaton, Devon): "We didn't trouble to dive, but engaged her with our gun, and in a few minutes the crew were pulling for the shore in their boat. We went alongside the schooner. Some of the hands went aboard, sprinkled some shale oil and set alight to it with matches. And she burned beautifully. It was probably the cheapest kill of the war."

The other four kills were a tanker, a coaster filled with munitions, a transport, and a destroyer.



Lieut. E. J. Stanley, D.S.O.

On another cruise they got a big merchant ship off Calabria, and had a shower of depth-charges sent down after them by an escorting destroyer.

Lieutenant M. R. R. Kirkwood (of Glasgow), who is *Unbending's* navigator, keeps four little black elephants in the wardroom for luck.

We wish him and his ship-mates tons of it.

Breezes in the Tropics

EXTRACT from Service man's letter from Darkest Africa: "The women of the savage tribe of Bangwanis are learning. They have a habit of making their lips protrude from six to nine inches by sticking wooden discs under the lips. This makes their faces look as if they had a couple of dinner-plates inserted."

"Two Bangwanis girls met one very hot day in the village street. One shoved her face close to the other and spoke rapidly:—

"Peter Piper pinched a peck of pickled plums and pepper pods, probably preparing pudding for paste pastie party. And Paul Pry put papa's prize pumpkins into pig's pen. Perhaps papa will paint Paul's parent's village purple and pour pints of pure boiling water on Paul's pate." Now you fan me for a while, and make it snappy."



his fateful step in securing the match, the N.S.C. Committee, in spite of annoyance with Burns, did everything possible to bring the negro and Burns together, but in vain.

Peggy Bettinson would have given his ears to secure such an attraction. He helped Johnson's manager, the much-esteemed Sam Fitzpatrick, in every possible way, and in return Johnson agreed to fight at the N.S.C. directly he had finished with Burns.

Next to Tommy Burns, the most sought-after opponent of Johnson was Sam Langford. Here was a contest that would fill the world's largest arena. For a long time members of The Club hugged themselves with delight at the thought that this was the fight they would see in the near future.

It was not to be, and neither the N.S.C. Committee nor any of the members ever forgave Johnson for his flat refusal to carry out the undertaking.

From that day until a few years before its demise The Club was closed to black men. Hardly fair, you will agree, to penalise all coloured people because one of them had offended the powers that be.

The report of that fight between Johnson and Burns, which took place at Rushcutters Bay, Sydney, on Boxing Day, 1908, and the film depicting it, made many people resolve to discourage any further black v. white contests. It is a mercy that the sound track had not been invented at that

time, otherwise it would have been banned.

The language used to each other by both contestants was so lurid that even the case-hardened Hughie McIntosh wondered whether he had done the right thing in bringing them together.

Burns was made to pay very dearly for all the opprobrious references he had made during the year prior to their meeting.

With tongue and fists

Johnson taunted his smaller opponent in the cruellest manner, and played cat and mouse with him, accompanying every blow with a vile insult. He hit to hurt every time, and although he could have finished the fight quite early, he had no intention of doing so. Among other things, Burns had accused his rival of being yellow, which, of course, he was not.

"Come on, Tahmy," he would say, "find that yellow streak." There is very little else that can stand quotation. It is best left in the tomb of undesirable happenings.

Burns never had a chance of winning and he knew it, but what a game fighter he was to be sure! He took his medicine like the man he was, and had given implicit instructions that no towel was to be thrown in from his corner.

Battered beyond recognition, he remained on his feet, and it was at the command of the chief of police that the fight was stopped in the fourteenth round.

Periscope
PageQUIZ
for today

1. What is a squirrel's nest called?
2. Did a negro ever reach the North Pole?
3. What is (a) a whimbrel, (b) a timbrel?
4. What famous writer is sometimes accredited with the authorship of Shakespeare's plays?
5. What famous poet wrote an "Ode to a Louse"?
6. Who were (a) Tom Bowling, (b) Tom Sawyer?
7. Who helped Horatius to keep the bridge?
8. What is the modern name for (a) Dunedin, (b) Sarum, (c) Clausentum, (d) Winton?
9. What are the people of (a) Liverpool, (b) Glasgow, (c) Naples, called?
10. What is a "standard" of timber?
11. Was the Channel Tunnel ever begun?

Answers to Quiz
in No. 54

1. Samuel L. Clemens.
2. A sett.
3. Captain of a French man o' war. The hero of the famous poem by Mrs. Hemans was his son, Giacomo.
4. The Professor of Archaeology at Cambridge.
5. (a) J. Fenimore Cooper, (b) Tennyson, (c) Bulwer Lytton.
6. At the Welsh Harp, Hendon, in 1876.
7. Mozart.
8. It was once famous for its eels, which were often used as currency.
9. L for Libra, the Latin for a pound, S for Solidus, a shilling, D for denarius, a penny.
10. Charles II.
11. The old name for a native of Poland.
12. Albany.

3-minute Thriller

Alibi

THE Gramercy murder was a question of alibi and unreliable witnesses, but had it not been for Mrs. Pym it is doubtful if the guilty man would have been convicted.

Carroll Gramercy was a famous actor and a bit of a Lothario. He lived in a small cottage just outside Kelvin Valley, a village in Thameshire. There Mrs. Gramercy had been murdered. The crime was committed with a heavy ruler. As she fell, her watch had shattered, the broken glass wedging the hands at three o'clock.

The local police were highly suspicious of Carroll Gramercy, who was known to be on bad terms with his wife, but there the alibi came in, and the police had to search elsewhere, until suspicion fastened also on Bettner, the Gramercy handy-man. He

By NIGEL MORLAND

was a hot-tempered man, who had quarrelled with Mrs. Gramercy that same morning. When in despair, because of the public interest, the Kelvin Valley Police asked their Chief Constable to get Mrs. Pym, she came down with Chief Inspector Shott, and listened to Inspector Cabutt, the local man, explaining the whole case from the beginning.

"Furthermore," he went on, "there're complications. We suspect Gramercy, but we're up against a snag. He ran out of stamps at lunch time on the day of the murder. It was a fine day, and after Mrs. Gramercy had made sure there weren't any stamps in the cottage, Gramercy decided to go to Northam. That's twelve miles from the cottage—a two-mile walk and a bus ride. The Kelvin Valley sub-post-office was shut, it being early closing. Gramercy set off at one-thirty. There are several witnesses who seem to remember seeing him, but they aren't certain."

Mrs. Pym interviewed the handsome Carroll Gramercy, who was staying with friends, and heard the story repeated. He added: "I bought four stamps, I remember. Matter of fact, they must still be in my tweed jacket pocket, at the cottage, if that's any help to you."

Bettner's story was that he hoed the garden all the afternoon, hearing nothing. No finger-prints had been found by the police, and Northam Post Office could not recall Gramercy, which was reasonable enough in a busy town.

Mrs. Pym personally searched the cottage in Kelvin Valley, with Shott following her like a faithful watch-dog. In the end she sought out Cabutt.

(Solution on Page 3)

Word Square

W	E	S			
E	U	E			
S	E	R			

Fill in the missing letters, using the following definitions: First line, twenty-one days; second line, girl's name; third line, to evade; fourth line, a small anchor; fifth line, to show contempt.

NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Adapted from the Novel by Jules Verne

I returned to the saloon. The *Nautilus* was still above the water. Some morning beams were filtering through their liquid bed. Under certain undulations of the waves the windows were lighted up with the red beams of the rising sun. The dreadful 2nd of June had dawned.

At 5 a.m. the log showed me that the speed of the *Nautilus* was slackening. I understood that it was letting the ship approach. Besides, the firing was more distinctly heard, and the projectiles, ploughing up the surrounding water, were extinguished with a strange hissing noise.

"My friends," said I, "the time is come. One grasp of the hand, and may God help us!" Ned Land was resolute, Conseil calm, I nervous, scarcely able to contain myself.



We all passed into the library. As I was opening the door that gave on to the cage of the central staircase I heard the upper panel shut with a bang.

The Canadian sprang up the steps, but I stopped him. A well-known hissing sound told me that they were letting water into the reservoirs. In a few minutes' time the *Nautilus* sank a few yards below the surface of the sea.

I now understood its manoeuvre. It was too late to do anything. The *Nautilus* did not think of striking the two-decker in her impenetrable armour, but below her water-line, where her metal covering no longer protected her.

We were again imprisoned, unwilling witnesses to the fatal drama that was preparing. We had hardly time to reflect. Taking refuge in my room, we looked at each other without speaking a word. A profound stupor took possession of my mind. My thoughts seemed to stand still.

I was in that painful state of expectation that precedes a dreadful crash. I waited and listened. I was all ear.

In the meantime the speed of the *Nautilus* visibly increased. It was taking a spring. All its hull vibrated.

Suddenly I uttered a cry. A shock had taken place, but a relatively slight one. I felt the penetrating force of the steel ram. I heard a grating, scraping sound. But the *Nautilus*, carried along by its force of propulsion, passed through the mass of the ship like a needle through sailcloth.

I could stand it no longer. I rushed like a madman into the saloon.

The enormous ship sank slowly. The *Nautilus*, following her, watched all her movements. All at once an explosion took place. The compressed air blew up the decks of the ship as though her magazines had been set fire to. The water was so much disturbed that the *Nautilus* swerved.

Then the unfortunate ship sank more rapidly. Her tops, loaded with victims, appeared; then her spars, bending under the weight of men; then the summit of her mainmast. Then the dark mass disappeared, and with it the dead crew, drawn down by a formidable eddy.

I turned to Captain Nemo. That terrible avenger, a perfect arch-

a prodigious speed. Where was it going—north or south? Where was the man flying to after this horrible retaliation?

I went back to my room, where Ned and Conseil had silently stopped. I felt an insurmountable horror of Captain Nemo. Whatever he may have suffered he had no right to punish thus. He had made me, if not his accomplice, at least the witness of his vengeance! That was too much!

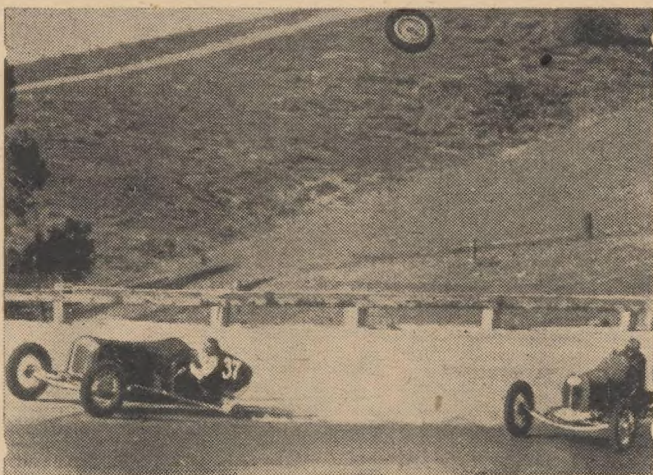
At eleven o'clock the electric light reappeared. I went into the saloon and consulted the different instruments. The *Nautilus* was flying north at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, sometimes on the surface of the sea, sometimes thirty feet below it.

By taking our bearings on the chart I saw that we were passing the entrance of the English Channel, and that we were going to the North seas at a frightful speed.

I could hardly see in their rapid passage the long-nosed dog-fish, hammer-fish, and rougettes that frequent these waters; large sea-eagles, hippocamps like chess-knights, eels twisting about like fiery serpents, armies of crabs flying obliquely, folding their claws across their shells; lastly, shoals of herrings rivaling the *Nautilus* in speed. But there was no question of observing, studying, and classifying them.

Continued on Page 3.

CURIOUS ACCIDENTS



Yes, sir, he was sure travelling. Believe it or not, his wheels left the ground. . . . This guy has created a "new high" in that stock phrase . . . 30ft. to be exact. Yes, it is in the U.S.A.—Los Angeles to be precise.

Captain Nemo was there. Mute, sombre, implacable, he was looking through the port panel.

An enormous mass was sinking through the water, and, in order to lose nothing of its agony, the *Nautilus* was sinking with it. At thirty feet from me I saw the broken hull, into which the water was rushing with a noise like thunder, then the double line of guns and bulwarks. The deck was covered with black moving shades.

The water rose. The unfortunate creatures were crowding in the ratlines, clinging to the masts, struggling in the water. It was a human ant-hill inundated by the sea!

Paralysed, stiffened with anguish, my hair standing on end, eyes wide open, panting, breathless, voiceless, I looked too. An irresistible attraction glued me to the window.

angel of hatred, was still looking. When all was over he went to the door of his room, opened it, and went in. I followed him with my eyes.

On the end panel, below his heroes, I saw the portrait of a woman still young, and two little children. Captain Nemo looked at them for a few moments, held out his arms to them, and, kneeling down, burst into sobs.

The panels were closed on this frightful vision, but light had not been restored to the saloon. In the interior of the *Nautilus* reigned darkness and silence. It was leaving this place of desolation, a hundred feet under the water, at

Solution to Puzzles
in No. 54

Mixed-up Square: Soda, Oval, Dart, Alto.

Blank-Blank Verse: Missing words: Past, Spat, Taps, Pats.

JANE

SEAGULL
MONUMENT
IN UTAH

It was the first monument erected to birds—and it may be the only one so far, as we know. When the Mormons, under Brigham Young, settled in Salt Lake valley, which was then merely sand and sagebrush, their first job was to till the soil. Without bread they would have starved.

But it looked as if there was not to be any harvest in 1848, for when the seed was sown a plague of locusts came swooping down from the Wasatch mountains. The fields were black with them. Burning would have destroyed the crops. And then the "miracle" happened.

The Mormons claim that, as a result of their prayers, flocks of seagulls came and devoured the locusts. The gulls ate until they could eat no more, disgorged what they had eaten, and started in again. They cleaned up the locusts.

After that the Mormons erected this monument to the gulls in Temple Block, Salt Lake City, next their Temple. On the Doric pillar top the gulls are golden, and around the base are plaques illustrative of the labours of the pioneer Mormons of that time. For many years afterwards gulls were protected throughout Utah by law.

Sceptics, of course, say that the gulls did not hasten at the bidding of Heaven, but because gulls always follow flocks of locusts. Anyway, there is the monument, and the Mormons believe in the "miracle."

WANGLING
WORDS—18

1. Put the same three letters in the same order, both before and after SIOGRA, and make a word.
2. Which of the following words is mis-spelt: MUNICIPLE, NAPHTHA, CELLULOID, ENERVATE?
3. Can you change RING into BELL, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration? Change in the same way: NAIL into DOOR, WINE into PAIL, GATE into POST.
4. How many three-letter and four-letter words can you make from the word INDOMITABLE?

Answer to Wangling
Words—17

1. ENTICEMENT.
2. DISCREPANCY.
3. LARK, LURK, LURE, LORE, LORN, LOON, LOOP, COOP, CROP, CROW, COAT, BOAT, BOOT, SOOT, SHOT, SHOE, TEA, SEA, SEE, FEE, FOE, ROE, RUE, RUN, BOOK, COOK, CORK, CORD, CARD.
4. Ever, Less, Then, Heel, Here, Lest, Even, Veer, etc. Ether, Never, Terse, Verse, Nerve, There, Seven, etc.

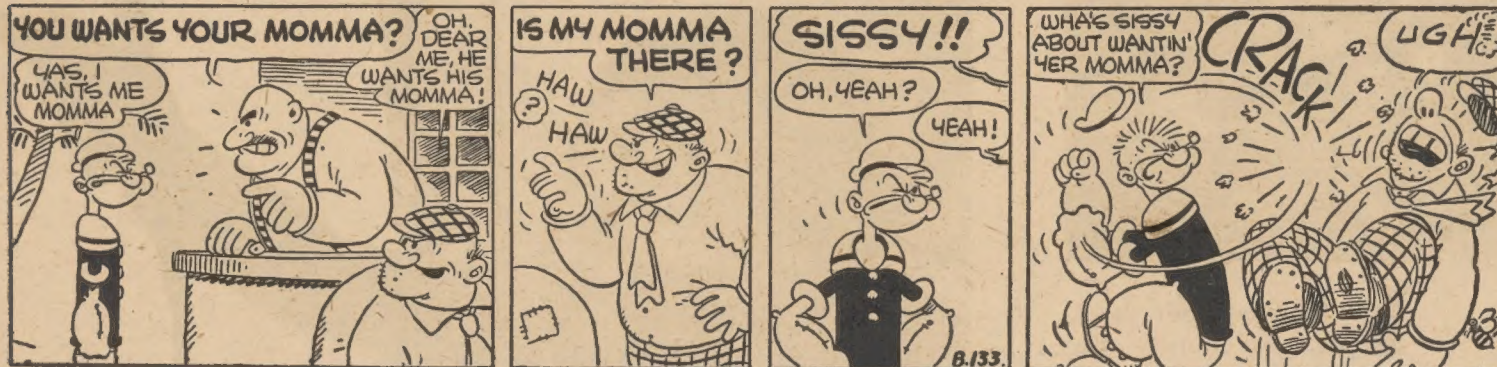
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

Continued from Page 2.

In the evening we had traversed two hundred leagues of the Atlantic. Night came, and the sea was dark till the moon rose. I went to my room, but could not sleep. I was assailed by night-

mare. The horrible scene of destruction was repeated in my mind. From that day who could tell where the *Nautilus* took us in this North Atlantic basin? Always with inappreciable speed. Always amidst the hyperborean mists. Did it touch at Spitzbergen or the shores of Nova Zembla? Did we explore the unknown White Sea, Kara Sea, Gulf of Obi, Archipelago of Liarrov, and the unknown coast of Asia? I cannot tell. I do not

ODD CORNER

CHURCH bells were rung in olden days to disperse thunderstorms. This extract from an old newspaper shows how it did not work: "A few days since two men residing in the Commune of Bezant (Gers) were ringing the church bells, as is the custom on the approach of a thunderstorm, when lightning struck the tower and injured them both."

THE tram is slowly disappearing from our streets, giving way to the trolley-

bus. To the motorist the tram was a nightmare, but good words have been spoken of it, and men have even seen some beauty in trams. H. G. Wells wrote: "Look at those beautiful electric trams that come tearing down the London streets at nightfall. Ships of light in full sail."

Here is G. K. Chesterton on trams: "The most perfect place for talking on earth is the top of a deserted tramcar. To talk on the top of a hill is superb, but to talk on the top of a flying hill is a fairy tale."

Arnold Bennett also admired trams: "They are enormous and beautiful;

they are admirably designed and they function perfectly; they are picturesque, inexplicable." And so does Miss Rose Fyleman:—"The streets at night are full of lovely things; Magical cars that slide in glittering strings."

That they are more beautiful than buses is the opinion of Miss Maude Royden, who asks: "Has it ever struck you how beautiful trams are? ... Go down to the Embankment at night and watch them with their red and yellow coloured lights, flashing up and down. I do not know why it is that they are more beautiful than buses, but they are."

even know how the time went. The clocks on board had stopped. It seemed as if night and day, as in polar countries, no longer followed their regular course. I felt myself carried into that region of the strange where the overriden imagination of Edgar Poe roamed at will. At each instant I expected to see, like the fabulous Gordon Pym, "that veiled human face, of much larger proportions than that of any inhabitant of the earth, thrown across the cataract that defends the approach to the Pole!"

(Continued to-morrow)

LET'S HAVE A LINE

on what you think of 'Good Morning' with your ideas.

Address top of Page 4.

Carts and Horses

By F. W. THOMAS

AS advised by the Ministry of Food, I have just sown another box of Cress-and-Mustard.

Yes, Cress-and-Mustard. ... Maybe you don't know about it. Perhaps you have never heard of the Cambridge and Oxford boat race. Or Sullivan and Gilbert's operas.

Isn't it time that we upset or scrapped these stereotyped phrases, these conventional combinations that have sunk so deeply into our systems?

Not long ago I went into a restaurant and ordered bacon-and-liver. The poor waitress stood aghast. The words seemed somehow familiar, but—she went to see the manager. And the manager called on the cook. And the cook called on all her gods. There was nearly a riot.

FIRST AND LAST.

But at long last the girl came to me, and, restraining her tears with difficulty, told me that they hadn't any Bacon-and-Liver, but if I could make do with it, they had some excellent Liver-and-Bacon.

So I had that.

The manager also took it upon himself to apologise, and my inverted phrase seemed to have stuck in his gizzard.

HE GOT IT.

He said that in these days catering wasn't all skittles and beer, that it was his job to keep the establishment span and spick, and though he did the job with all his soul and heart, the regulations bound him foot and hand.

As you will see, he had got it badly. He told the waitress to bring me some more butter-and-bread, and asked if I would like a portion of squeak-and-bubble.

Not wishing to play loose-and-fast with the regulations, I refused, lest I should be thrown out crop-and-neck.

Try it yourself.

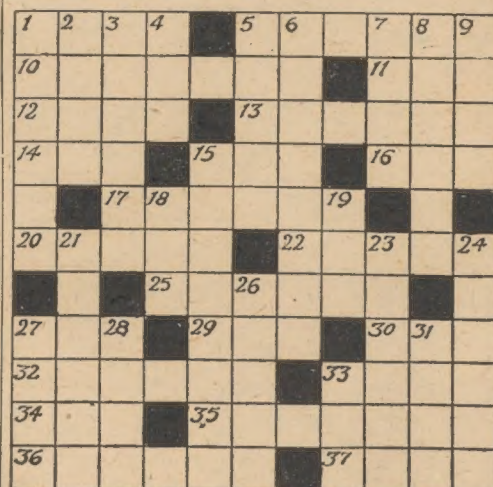
Next time you come alongside, drop into the local and order a bitters-and-gin, or a soda-and-Scotch.

The barmaid will probably tell you that she no speaka da Russian, yes, and offer you a gin-and-bitters.

Solution to 3-Minute Thriller

"I found the stamps," she said. "You'd better arrest Gramercy." It took a lot of persuasion before Cabutt acted. Later, Gramercy, faced with Mrs. Pym's unorthodox, merciless probing, broke down and confessed. Not until then did she show the stamps to Cabutt. "He used the journey to Northam as his alibi, not leaving the house till after the murder. Here're the four stamps he's supposed to have bought. See the way the top perforated edge is trimmed, as if with scissors? Came from a book of stamps, which he must've had by him for the alibi, but—that's where he slipped. No Post Office would sell stamps out of a book when they tear them from big sheets, properly perforated and intact!"

CROSSWORD CORNER



- 1 The majority.
- 5 Becomes brittle.
- 10 Old-fashioned.
- 11 Equipment.
- 12 Highland group.
- 13 Like an ox.
- 14 Scottish county.
- 15 Small mouthful.
- 16 Match.
- 17 Deserted party.
- 20 Part of flower.
- 22 Words as names.
- 25 Dormant.
- 27 Apron-top.
- 29 Dust, and water.
- 30 Number.
- 32 Keen perception.
- 33 Change.
- 37 Requests.
- 38 direction.
- 34 Rocky hill-top.
- 35 Finished work.
- 36 Emphasis.

Solution to Problem in No. 54.

CREW VISCID
HOVER NURSE
ABATE SMALL
FED PAT PEA
FRET CITE Y
T UVULA S
T GNAT GRIT
OWL LEG ALE
NAOMI AFTER
GIVES PAINS
SLEWED NOTE

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Parrots. 2 Sole. 3 Shining bright. 4 Metal.
- 5 About 18 inches. 6 Started afresh. 7 Capar.
- 8 Cog-wheel. 9 Disregard correction. 15 Cooking utensils.
- 18 Entirely. 19 College tutor.
- 21 Woollen fabric. 23 Says. 24 Weapons.
- 26 Airs. 27 Mouse-like animals. 28 Whirring sound. 31 Space of time. 33 Through.

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

"Half a pound of tuppenny rice Half a pound of — TREACLE!"



1 "Mummy not back yet, no lunch for Daddy. I really must do something about it. It's the *mixing* which takes real skill, watch me, steady rice, what's your hurry?"



2 Ahhh! Luverlee! Taste seems all right, bit thick though, must pull it out a bit, lengthy job this.



3 "FINISHED! I knew I could do it. Got slightly over-absorbed in it, so to speak; but Daddy always says 'If you have a job to do—don't waste time, but get stuck right into it.' He WILL be pleased."



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"She must be just the sweetest thing"

